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NEW YEAR RETROSPECT.

Retrace the months—what hast thou done
The souls around thee to improve?
What, through the year whose course has run,
To win them to a Saviour's love!

Has kind instruction been distilled
From morning's dawn till evening's shade?
Were hours of relaxation filled
With usefulness that ne'er betrayed?

And hast thou thine own weakness felt,
Thy constant need of help divine?
And when in secret thou has knelt,
Has faith declared each promise thine?

Hast thou besought the Lord to bring
The weary wanderers to His feet,
That they might own their Sovereign King,
Confessing that His love is great?

Look back, my soul, impartial trace
The scenes of the departed year;
Implore forgiveness, seek for grace,
And heaven in mercy heed thy prayer.

SELECTED.

WOMAN AND THE GOSPEL IN PERSIA.

BY MISS JENNIE C. LOGUE.

In no way can the missionary zeal of the church be more effectually stimulated than by familiarizing the minds of the young with the record of mission work in the past. No enterprise of modern times has been more successful, in proportion to the amount of money and effort invested, than have Christian missions; and the church does well which makes accessible the story of the life work of those who have been eminently blessed in bringing men from the darkness of paganism to the light of the gospel. The fruit of such books as "Our India Mission" will doubtless appear, as the years roll on, in many young lives consecrated to Christ's work in foreign lands. Recently, the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest have published, as one of their series of "Missionary Annals," a little volume with the title which stands at the head of this article, and from it most of the facts given below are derived.

As a recent number of the MAGAZINE contains an article showing the influences which led Miss Fiske to become a missionary to the Nestorians, it seems not unfitting to give a sketch of the work she accomplished among that people.

One of the most successful missions of the American Board has been that among the Nestorians of Persia. Like the Copts of Egypt, these Nestorians profess a corrupt form of Christianity from which the life has long since departed. Their home is along the mountain range on the borders of Turkey and Persia, and on the plain of Oromiah at its fort. Oppressed by Moslem tyranny, kept down by taxation, the Nestorians were miserably poor and wretched. Their language had no word for home, and their poor hovels scarcely deserved the sacred name. In the mountain homes, the herds and flocks and the human beings occupied the same abode, to utilize the animal heat, as fuel was scarce and dear. As everywhere in lands where the gospel light does not shine, woman was degraded. The birth of a daughter was mourned over as a disgrace. The wife might not speak to her husband before his parents, though both families occupied the same room. The cruelty of the husband bore its natural fruit in the heart of the wife in fierce and passionate hatred, mingled with fear. Lying, profanity and stealing prevailed among both men and women. When the mission was founded, only one Nestorian woman could read. To the question, "Would you like to read?" the answers would be, "I am a woman," as though that were sufficient.

In the year 1835 Dr. Grant, with his wife, a rarely cultured woman, went out on a mission to the Nestorians. Mrs. Grant opened a day school, and did what she could for the girls in this way; and, by her own gifts, won the respect of even the Nestorian bishops. Her health soon failed, however, and she was laid aside from her work. In 1843, Fidelia Fiske, a teacher in Mt. Holyoke Seminary, a noble woman, gifted with remarkable tact, and full of self-sacrificing devotion to Christ and love to souls, was sent out to take charge of the school. She soon began to realize what all missionaries among women have felt, the necessity of separating her pupils from degrading home influences, and therefore desired to establish a boarding school. But a difficulty presented itself. The parents would not consent to allow

their daughters to spend a night under her roof. One day, some weeks after her arrival, Mar Yohanan, one of the bishops, said to her: "You get ready and I find girls;" but his promise was not fulfilled until some months after, when he appeared, leading a little girl by each hand. They were far from attractive in appearance, but when Miss Fiske went to the door to receive them, he laid the little hands in hers, saying: "They be your daughters; no man take them from your hand." This was the nucleus, and, in two years more, the school had increased to forty.

To train the children in habits of neatness and punctuality, as well as on account of the poverty of the mission, it was necessary to establish a domestic department. So debased by habits of falsehood were these girls, that, in their daily reports, Miss Fiske dared only ask at first, the question whether they had combed their hair that day, adding other inquiries as they gained morally. Reading, writing, singing and compositions formed the original course of study; but in time grammar, arithmetic, algebra, the sciences, and history, were added, and instruction given in English, Turkish and Persian. Accompanying this literary culture, was the still more important moral and religious training. Rude girls, untaught as the mountain goats, among which they had lived, learned to be dilligent in study, to be kind to each other, and respectful to their teachers.

But far better than this merely external improvement, was the spiritual change in the hearts and lives of these young girls. During the fifteen years of Miss Fiske's connection with it, many powerful revivals swept through the school. In January, 1846, three years after the seminary was opened, came the first of these awakenings. Among the very earliest of the converts was a dark-eyed slender girl named Sarah. Scarcely had she found peace in believing, before she began to strive to lead others to the Savior. Delicate in health, she ceased not from unwearied labors for others, beyond her failing strength. It was to be her high privilege to show to her companions that victory over death of which they had been told, but had never seen.

Until the middle of May she remained at the seminary, and often talked with her teacher of the bright and glorious home to which she was going. Her father was already a convert; her brother had been won to Christ by the efforts of the daughter. When it was found that she could live only a little longer, she decided to return to her home. A few weeks she was spared there, and each day she gathered some of the native women around her to tell them of the love of Christ. When the last hour came, though suffering the most intense pain, she asked to be placed upon her knees, and with the words upon her lips, "Lord Jesus, receive ———," she passed away.

Did space permit, many other instances might be related, but one must suffice. An ungovernable child, with a fierce passionate temper, was brought to the seminary in 1845. Her fits of rage made her an object of terror to all around. Five years she continued at the seminary, and the violent temper remained unsubdued. But in the revival of 1850, God visited her, and the lion was turned into a lamb. From that day forward, she became gentle and tender and Christ-like, and the whole school marveled at the change. In time, she became the wife of one of the workers among the mountain Nestorians, and by hardships and abundant labors her health was broken down. In a few years she came back to her old home to die. On her dying bed, she sent word to her loved teacher, "I love to have God do just as he pleased. I thank you for showing

me my Savior."

When the vacation came, it was a great trial for Miss Fiske to have her pupils go back to their degraded homes to be exposed to numberless temptations. One little girl said: "Can a new born lamb be thrown into the snow and live? And can we live?" But the teacher felt that she had no right to alienate these young converts from those bound to them by the ties of blood. The Good Shepherd cared for his own, and very few proved unfaithful to their Lord.

But Miss Fiske's labors were not confined to the girls of her school. As time and opportunity presented themselves, she went from village to village teaching the women. It was hard to quiet the noisy, turbulent crowd. Once, when surrounded by hundreds, she asked them to be quiet, and each woman, in a loud voice, commanded her neighbor to be still. At length, she secured quietness by promising to tell them a story if each would keep her finger on her mouth until the story was finished. But even these rude, uncultured souls yielded in time to the power of the love of Christ. Trained to the belief in their own worthlessness, it was to them a marvel unutterable that One should have stooped from a heavenly throne to care for their poor souls. Very quaint were their expressions in prayer. "Blessed Savior, we will cling to the skirts of thy garments until our hands are cut off." One poor old woman, weeping for sin, asked to be taught prayers. She was bidden to tell God just what she felt, and, falling on her face, she said: "Oh God, I am not fit even to be an old broom to sweep with."

One of the native converts brought his wife to the seminary that she might be taught the truth as it is in Jesus. When he came again to get her, as she entered the room, he reached out his hand with the words, "Mary, has Christ become beautiful to you?" and with the gentle answer, "I think so," they passed out together.

One of the pupils from the seminary so pressed her mother to come to Christ that she answered, roughly: "Stop your praying and weeping; you will cry yourself blind." "Oh, mother," was the reply, "I would gladly become blind, if thereby you might be brought to Jesus."

When Miss Fiske was leaving for America, on account of her failing health, one of the seminary pupils prayed in their last evening meetings, that, in the long land journey, the sun might not smite the missionaries, but that a table might be spread for them in the wilderness; that angels might be given charge to keep them in going over the mountain roads; that when they passed through the rivers they might not overflow them; that on the fireship the flames might not kindle upon them, and that the Lord would keep them in the hollow of his hand and bring them safely to their desired haven. Then, after a pause, she added tenderly, "May she come back to us; may her dust mingle with her children's dust, and with them may she go up to meet the Lord."

More than fifty years have passed away since this work was begun among these ignorant and degraded women; and what is the result? Of the earlier converts, many have finished their earthly course, and have entered into rest. Those who yet live, in their own homes or in mission work among those around them, are honoring the Master whom they serve. One who was a teacher in the seminary, chose to spend years in a benighted mountain village, constantly in danger of being plundered by lawless Kurds, that she might win souls to Christ. The children of some of these early seminary pupils are preparing for Christian work.

Out of their deep poverty, these people give to carry the gospel to those still more needy, for the work among their

own mountaineers, and even for far-off India. Sometimes those who have no money will bring eggs, and a basket must be passed with the collection box. Ear-rings, head-dresses, silver buttons cut from their dresses, and other of their scanty ornaments, are given freely.

The semi-centennial of the mission was observed in 1885. Of the fifteen hundred who attended the services, more than half were women, quiet and orderly ln their behavior, and neatly dressed. When those who could read were asked to stand up, three-fourths of them arose. Three times a year women's meetings are held, each lasting a day. They are conducted by the native women for the discussion of religious subjects relating to personal piety, family life, and social duty. Written essays are read on topics previously assigned, and discussed with interest and ability.

The Christian women are organized to go from house to house in the neighboring hamlets to lead their sisters to the Savior. Even their Moslem oppressors are feeling the influence of their lives, and a few are turning from the False Prophet to become followers of the Nazarene.

Quietly, peacefully, the work goes on; and the success of the Nestorian mission is one of the many earnests of the fulfillment of the promise that Christ shall yet be Lord of the whole earth.

MORMONISM.

Read before the Allegheny Presbyterial Missionary Society, at Emsworth, Pa., Oct. 13, 1887, and published by request.

BY MRS. ISABELLA S. WALLACE.

FROM the earliest times, few centuries have passed without developing some new system of evil, which, under the name of religion, has carried wide-spread crime and suffering. Each has had some far-away resemblance to the true religion, though so perverted as to but add to its wickedness.

But it has been reserved for our own day and our land to originate a religion which, in doctrine and practice, unites the blasphemy and foulness of all those preceding it—the system of Mormonism, or, the "Church of the Latter-Day Saints."

Origin.—This system had its origin in the part of New York that has been called the volcanic region—a district celebrated for the various and peculiar religious and socialistic sects that have originated there; such as the Millerites, Fourdierites, Shakers, Spiritualists and Perfectionists. Joseph Smith, its founder, was born in Vermont in 1805. When he was 10 years old, his parents, with their 9 children, removed to Palmyra, N. Y., and opened a cake and beer shop. The family is described as utterly worthless; the mother, a woman of strong imagination, and superstitious to the last degree, trained her son Joseph in the belief that he should be a prophet. Joseph had no occupation, but liked to attend gatherings where there was plenty of cider and whiskey to be had. When about fifteen years old, he found what he called a magic stone, with which he claimed to find buried treasures and lost property. He pretended to see wonderful things buried in the earth, and he and such as would join him spent night after night digging for them. A ready excuse was always found for want of success.

When Smith was about 22 years old, a stranger visited him and held long and private interviews with him. Not long after, Smith announced that an angel

had appeared to him, telling him that his sins were pardoned, and that he was to establish a church which God would acknowledge; also that he should find inspired writings which he alone could see and live.

Of course he found them. From a hill since called Cumorah, near Palmyra, he exhumed certain metallic plates, and with them two transparent stones, through which he could see to read the strange writing on the plates. These plates were the "Book of Mormon." Smith asserted that they were written in the "Reformed Egyptian" language, and referred to Prof. Anthon, of Columbia College, as authority. The Professor published a denial of the whole story and said that the fac-simile submitted to him consisted of all kinds of crooked characters, prepared by some person who had before him a book containing the various alphabets — Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes. Roman letters inverted or placed sidewise, were arranged in verticle columns; the whole ending with a rude circle, evidently copied from the Mexican calendar given by Humboldt, but copied with an attempt to conceal its source. Thus fraud and deceit are the foundation of the structure.

The generally accepted belief is, that the substance of the Book of Mormon was written by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, but without the most remote idea of its ever being applied to such a purpose. Mr. Spaulding, a very peculiar man, lived in Conneaut, Ashtabula Co., O. Owing to ill health, he was unable to preach, and, as a diversion, wrote romances on different subjects. He was much interested in the mounds of Ohio, thinking that they gave evidence of the former existence of a race superior to the American Indians, and wrote a historical romance embodying the idea that this continent was first peopled by a colony of the ancient Israelites. The story of this people was written in Biblical language, and was called "The Manuscript Found." It has been pretty well established that this was the basis of the "Book of Mormon.

This manuscript was taken to Mr. Patterson, a Pittsburgh publisher, but for some reason was never printed. After three years it was returned to its author, who died in 1816. Sidney Rigdon, formerly a Campbellite preacher, was employed about this office, and often boasted to others that he had a copy of the manuscript. He was talented, but with very singular religious ideas. It is the almost universal belief that he stole and rewrote Spaulding's romance. But what have Sidney Rigdon and "The Manuscript Found" to do with Joseph Smith and the golden plates? Simply this: Rigdon and the mysterious stranger, who visited Smith just before he announced the angel's visit, were one and the same person. It was some time before Rigdon joined himself publicly to Smith; meantime, he left the printing office and appeared in Mentor, O., preaching very peculiar doctrines. Strange to relate, when the Book of Mormon was afterwards published, these very doctrines were found to be embodied in it. And when Mormonism came to be preached in Ashtabula county, Mr. Spaulding's old neighbors recognized the Book of Mormon as a garbled edition of one of the very tales whose reading, years before, had whiled away many a winter evening. Here we seem to have a remarkable chain of circumstancial evidence — Spaulding's manuscript in Mr. Patterson's office; Rigdon employed in the same office; Rigdon preaching strange doctrines at Mentor; these same doctrines appearing in the Book of Mormon, found after Rigdon's secret visits to Smith; and, finally, the recognition of Mr. Spaulding's story in the Book of Mormon.

The church which Smith and Rigdon

formed, we might follow, did time permit, as it moved from Manchester, N. Y., its first seat, to Kirtland, Ohio, and, as for its crimes, it was expelled in turn from that place, from Independence, Mo., and from Nauvoo, Ill.—the leaders in one case being tarred and feathered—till, in 1847, it found a resting-place in Utah; but we must content ourselves with looking at it as we find it established there.

Organization.—In its organization, the Mormon church is a complete despotism. It has the effrontery to assert that, in 1829, Smith was met in the woods by John the Baptist, and by him ordained to the Aaronic priesthood; and in the same way by the Apostles James and John to the Melchizidec priesthood. He thus received *universal*, *temporal* and *spiritual power*, which descended to his successors and to which unquestioning obedience must be given. It follows that our government, and all others founded by men, are illegal; that the Saints are under no obligation to obey their laws, but (to use their own words) have a perfect right to commit perjury or any other crime to avoid obeying them.

In the organization of the Mormon church there are the President, with his two counsellors; the twelve Apostles; the Seventies (an organizatiou from which are drawn their traveling missionaries); the High Priests, with Elders, Bishops, Teachers and Deacons. The whole territory is divided into twenty districts, each presided over by a High Priest. These districts are subdivided into wards, each having a Bishop. The Teachers and Deacons are subordinates of the Bishop, and it is their duty to visit every family. By this machinery, the leaders can reach every person in the church. Their missionaries visit every land—even the islands of the ocean; and their converts are from all countries. Very many of the latter are not able to read or write English, and are therefore the more at the mercy of the leaders. Their missionaries in England, Scotland and other Protestant countries, preach largely from the Bible, and their hearers are assured that that is Mormonism; but when they reach Utah they find the Bible set aside for the miserable rubbish taught by the priests.

The people are required to give a tenth of everything; as some one has said, "everything, from eggs to haystacks." Petitions have been sent to Congress, signed by Mormon women, pleading for help and protection for themselves and their children, saying that the very bread was taken from the children's mouths to enrich the rulers, and that they were robbed not only of one-tenth, but were liable at any time to be ordered to give up their homes to the Prophet. Co-operative mercantile institutions are established all over the Territory and owned largely by the church, and the Saints are directed to deal entirely at these stores. The people are thus robbed and the priesthood enriched. The one in Salt Lake City does a business of about six million dollars annually. Since the Christian churches are doing so much for the people, the Mormons have established relief societies, mutual improvement and young people's associations in all the settlements. all of which are attachments of the church and work in its interest. This centralization is made more complete by the concentration.

The Temple, the Tabernacle, the Assembly Hall and the Endowment House are located in what is called Temple Block, in the center of the city. The Tabernacle seats about 8,000 persons. The Temple is not yet completed, although it was begun in 1853, and has cost three millions of dollars. It is an imposing structure of beautiful white granite. I should not forget to mention that the Assembly Hall, or rather the

ball room, is one of the "institutions" of the Mormons, and that they are greatly in advance of us, for they open all gatherings in it with prayer. The Mormons are steadily increasing. At April 1st of this year they numbered 162,333, of whom 132,297 were in Utah. A body so large and so perfectly organized under an absolute despotism is manifestly a dangerous element in our country.

Doctrines.—The Book of Mormon, as given out by Joseph Smith, had few pernicious doctrines. It purported to be an *American revelation*, supplementary to the Bible, and so was the more readily received by the ignorant and superstitious. The present blasphemous doctrines and loathsome practices are fungus growths of later years. The doctrines are thus summed up by a minister in Salt Lake City: "Polytheism; the eternity of matter; the belief that God possesses a body, parts and passions like a man; polygamy on earth and in heaven, including the belief that Christ was and is a polygamist (Mary and Martha being his plural wives); baptism which washes away sins, and brings salvation even to the dead; the absolute control of the priesthood over all things both temporal and spiritual; no salvation for any one who does not believe in the Book of Mormon and Joseph Smith; and, to crown all, the doctrine of *blood atonement.*"

The Mormons are not confined to past revelations, but whenever it suits their purpose to have a new doctrine, there is a new revelation. One of the first innovations was the doctrine of Polytheism. There can be no doubt that even during Smith's life this doctrine was taught, although, like polygamy, it was taught with restrictions. Not all were strong enough to bear it; it must be hidden away in wicked hearts, with many another horror.

They not only believe in a plurality of gods, but ridicule the idea that God is a spirit. They are taught the following: "God, the Father, became man in the form of Adam, and thus became the father of the human race." Brigham Young said, "Adam is the only God with whom we have to do." The Mormon theology teaches that faithful Mormons who practice polygamy in this world will be kings and their wives queens in the celestial world, the first wife being placed in rank above the others. Doubtless this doctrine gives the poor neglected first wife much comfort, when she sees her husband transferring his affections to another! There are earthly marriages, and celestial marriages—perhaps as many of the latter as of the former. Mormon women are married for dead friends, and even for strangers. They believe in an intermediate state—a sort of purgatory, into which all who are not Mormons are cast. They also believe that baptism washes away all sin, and if performed for those who have died outside the Mormon church, will secure their salvation. There is therefore a great deal of baptism for the dead. But baptism alone will not secure the complete salvation of a *woman;* some one must be married for her. "The poor soul" (to use the words of a Mormon woman), "if she were released from purgatory by a proxy baptism, could not, of course, be married in heaven, as there is no giving in marriage there; so some one must be married as her proxy, and then she can begin to establish her celestial kingdom."

This is the blessing pronounced at the conclusion of the ceremony: "Forasmuch as you have entered into the holy covenant of celestial marriage, *all manner* of sins shall be forgiven you, and you shall inherit eternal life." After the Temple is finished, all marriages, to be valid, must be performed in it; meanwhile the Endowment House is used instead. All married converts have to be remarried.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

RETRENCHING.

I DON'NO' as I would undertake to write for THE WOMEN'S MAGAZINE, as I've never had the chance of much education; but when I see how pleased my nephew — who has been all through college — is when he reads something written by a man named Josh Billings, who died a spell back, and when I see what Nasby writes in the *Blade*, I take comfort in thinking I can at least spell fit to be seen ennyway.

I was out a brushin' off the verandy chairs when Mis' Powers passed by. Mis' Powers is a sight of comfort to lots of folks; she's such a good woman. "Well," she calls out, "Hev you seen in the church papers about the Board askin' the missionaries to retrench in their operations?" Our house stands a good ways back from the street, an' I hed to call out real loud, "No, I hain't been able to read the papers sence I lost my specs, when we was makin' apple butter, four weeks ago yistidday. I feel 'signorant as the heathen. I hope I'll find 'em soon. So they're goin' to retrench, air they? Well thet's right, thet's right. We'll beat the enemy yet ef we take the right kind of war measures agenst 'em."

I reckon Mis' Powers looked kind o' dazed at me, for, come to think of it, after she'd gone on, I was thinkin' of *en*trenchin'. It came to me just like a whiff of war times, when we was all readin' about fortyfyin', an' entrenchin', an' all such things. Well when I went in, still a wonderin' about what Mis' Powers hed said, I kep' a thinkin', "Where on airth can them specs be?" An' all of a suddent it seemed as plain s'if a voice hed said, "Go look in the spice-box." I just felt s'if 'twas a directin' providence, so I went out to the buttery, n' took down the box, n' sure enuff there was them spectacles. I was thankful, an' bein' kind of give out in my arms from doin' around, I just thought I'd rest a spell an' read the church papers to see what this retrenchin' meant. Well, as I read on, it didn't seem to me s'if the church was a goin' to fight the enemy after all, or carry the war into the enemy's country, an' intrench themselves an' get reddy for victories as they'd ought to. The letter the Board had writ to the church was real discouragin'. They sed there was men and women a wantin' an a waitin' to go, but they wasn't goin' to be able to keep up those they hed sent out, an' was a goin' to write to them in Egipt and India, who ain't a gettin' now what they'd ought to, ef the church would give as she ought. Yes, they'd write to them that they'd hev to cut down their expenses $2,000 this year; an' somewhere's else in the papers, it told how Dr. Lansing had to write a beggin' letter to the English, asking *them foreigners* to help our mission in Egipt. I just didn't feel to read *that* over agen, I tell you. An' further, an' besides, we wasn't to undertake enny new work, as I read it. Sometimes I don't see things s' quick 's other people, an' agin somethings I see quicker'n other folks; so I got down the dicksionery, an' I found the word R-e-t-r-e-n-c-h — "retrench, to live with less expense, to akonomize," it said. Well, I must say all the spirit went out of me when I took it in that the church wasn't payin' enough to keep her mission board out of such scrapes as that, an' insted of goin' ahead an' pushin into new fields and just getherin' in them poor heathen souls into the kingdom of righteousness like bundles of sheaves, we was a goin' to sneak back an' give up. I was all beat out. I guess we never heard such talk in war times. It might be *in*trench, an' fortyfy, an' keep still an' rest a bit till the right time came, then up an' out on the enemy an' capture 'em, but it was never R-e-t-r-e-n-c-h.

When the men was ready to go to the war, the nation was ready with the money *an' it just hed to come.* N' I didn't retrench enny either, for I give my husband, an' ef that weren't enuff, I give my only child, n' neither of them ever came back to me. I was all worked up; seemed s'if I couldn't settle down to work. Susy (that's my niece, an' as good a woman s' ever lived) an' I talked it over as I was helpin' to pare apples for dumplins. Preston (that's Susy's husband) will have dumplins, an' we both allowed it was time for the hull church to be up an' a-doin'.

So after dinner, after I'd seen the four children off to school, I says to Susy, "Susy," says I, "you're goin' to hev a headache ef you don't lie down, so I'll take the baby in her cab, an' little Pres., and I'm goin' down to see Deacon Holdfast. He's got lots of money, an' no children, an' a member in good and regular standin', an' he's just the man to help the church in this tight place." Well, Preston he laughed an' said, "Aunt Marty, I'll tell you what; if you get ennything from Deacon Holdfast, two things 'll happen." "What air they?" says I. "Well, the millenyum will be nearer than I think it is, an' I'm willin' to resk it an' *not* lose a cent, but for each hundred dollars he gives you, I'll give ten." An' off he went, laughing at me. Preston's a good man too, but full of mischeef for a man of his age.

Susy wanted me to leave the children with the girl, but she's a young thing and not so considerit as might be, so I got my way an' went off with the two children to see Deacon Holdfast. Now he ain't no *deacon;* that's some of the town boy's nonsence, an' I spose they call him that because he's as far from bein' fit for a deacon s' ennybody in the church, an' tight-fisted! I guess so. But he had the money, an' I knew the Lord could smite his heart and his pockets so that money'd flow out just as Moses smote the rock in the wilderness n' the blessed water come a sparklin' out. I hedn't gone there without prayin', I tell you. The deacon's wife, a poor, puny, pale little woman, older'n she ought to be by ten years—she's worked too hard—came to the door an' opened it about six inches, lookin' kind of scared, when I'd wrapped twice. When she see 'twas me she opened it, an' after we'd talked a spell, I told her I'd come to see Mr. Holdfast on church business. If I'd told her I'd come to behead him, she couldn't hev looked more astonished, but she said he was a mendin' his old harness in the tool house, an' she'd call him in. "Now don't," says I, for I knew if he got in an'all slicked up, he'd be so on his dignity I might as well talk to the pump. So I says, "Now, Mis' Holdfast, let's go out where he is an' talk to him out there." So out we went.

The Decon was a mendin' the meanest old patched up pair of harness I ever see. I knew the horse that wore 'em would die of mortification, an' altho' I believe in economy, I don't think meanness and economy air blood relations—sometimes they are connected by marriage perhaps. But he's a very rich man an' *so* close, an' when I saw how he was tryin' to save pennies on such a poor job as that, my faith grew kind of pale 'round the lips; but I struck out an' told him all about that notis' of the Board in the paper. I knew he would never see a church paper or magazine, because he really was stingy an' narrow-contracted, an' that kind don't often take papers. So I warmed up considerable, an' afore I knew it, I'd asked him how much he'd give to help us to *in*trench and go on with our war agenst the Devil. I must say I put it pretty strong to him. After I got a breathin' spell, he says, says he, "Now, Mis' Howell's," says he, "I tell you its expensive this thing of belongin' to the church." "Yes," I chipped in quick,

because I knew my chance, "Yes," I says, "It *is* expensive. It cost the Son of God his life to build the church. It's the most expensive thing of all the expensive things God ever did for us, I reckon." "H'm! Well, yes, but you see it's give—give—give all the time. Now its Home Missions, now its Foreign—now this—that—and the other. It just keeps me poor."

"Well, Mr. Holdfast," says I, "I'm glad you're gettin' to be perfect like your Father in heaven; that's just the way with Him, says I; it's give, give, give all the time with Him; and I'm glad you're tryin' to pay Him back. I just wish I could repay Him one en a thousand of His mercies to me." You ought to have seen how odd he looked at me, an' Mis' Holdfast, *she* never in her days heard a woman talk like that to *him*. But he wasn't to be beat. "Now I'll tell you, Mis' Howells," says he, "others ought to give *now*, I'll allow that, but here quarter ten-centential year." (That's just what he called it; of course he meant centennial, but I guess nearly every year was a quarter ten-cential year with him an' lots of others.) "Quarter ten-cential year," he says, "I gave 's much as a hundred dollars to the Boards of our church." Why he yelled this out so triumphant that the baby a'most woke up, an' I had to jog the cab quite lively to get her off agen. "I ain't felt called on to do much sence," says he, "for I felt then 'sif I'd give my share for awhile." "Yes," says I, "but sposin' God should let your feelds lie bare under a blazin' sun, no rain, no dew, no crops, of course, an' every twenty-five years he'd just all of a suddent pour down his wealth of blessin's on you. Then for another twenty-five years no sun, no rain—nothing, then another great pour down. Well I don' believe you'd live to see two such quarter centennials as that; you'd be discouraged into your tomb. Now thet ain't God's way of givin'; and you know what that blessed psalm says, "His mercy flows an endless stream, to *all eternity the same.*" An you've been greatly blessed, Mr. Holdfast. God has made you the richest man in this church, an' givin' you fine farms, an' a comfortable home, an' bank an' railroad stock an' bonds, I reckon," and I was determined to be as wise as a serpint, so I put in, "and made you an excellent manager, none better all around."

I see he was pleased at *that*, but he says, all choked up, "But with all these things, Mis' Howell's, you say God's give me, he's took away my only son, an' what good's all these things after all? There sat poor Mis' Holdfast, a wipin' her eyes on her apron. "Now, Mr. Holdfast," says I, "there you're like your Heavenly Father agen. He gave his only son to die for us all, an' I hope you're given your only son to *Him*. Hiram was a good boy an' a promisin' young man, but God has given him more blessing an' joy in all these five years than ennything an' everything you could give him in a long life-time, an' don't you begrudge him his happiness. Mebbe God means you to give him somethin' for takin' such good care of Hiram, an' choosin' him so young to be a prince in his palace, an' I do think He wants you to give His church the money you would have give Hiram. That's the way you can pay him some for honoring you so's to take Hiram and make such a good Christian boy of him, an' saving his soul an' givin' him such a home in glory." Mr. Holdfast, he tugged away at a buckle on the old harness, an' Mis' Holdfast, she was a wipin' away the tears that were fallin' fast, for Hiram was an onusual good boy, no doubt of that.

"Now I must be goin'," said I, "an' I'll just leave you to think a spell how you can use your good business talents for the church in this time o'need. We need such men s'have good managing

faculties to help her on." An' I was determined to get in *one* stroke even if the deacon didn't give a penny, for I knew he never give Mis' Holdfast one cent to call her own, so I says, turnin' to Mis' Holdfast, says I, "An next to the wealthy men, the women can help most, for there's few men so mean that their wives don't have plenty to give, if they will; an every woman, exceptin' the lazy, thriftless, shiftless women whose husbands never get a chance to get rich, earns her own livin' an' ten times over." "Just you die," says I, a laughfin, "an' let me send Mr. Holdfast the best housekeeper around an' see how soon his bank account will run down." My! but she looked pleased, an' he says, "I've never had any of the thriftless or lazy kind of women in my house, but I reckon that's what makes men poor." "Yes, that an' men's bad habits," says I, for I was determined the women shouldn't take all the blame, you see."

Well, I don't know that I ever was more took aback in my life. (I was an' am ashamed to think I'd prayed for faith to believe that God could make the deacon give something and then never expect him to.) But as I was sayin', I was took aback when he says, "It does seem, Mis' Howell's, s'if the church was in a tight pinch, to be sure. Are you carryin' a subscription paper for the congregation?" Now I'd never thought of that. I'd just thought of tryin' to talk to some of our folks an' stir 'em up a bit to see what we ought to do an' give, jus' like I did this mornin', a windin' the clock, an' settin' the strikin' part all right, an' shuttin' it up, an' goin' off without ever startin' the pendylum. So I see my mistake, n' I says, "Now, Mr. Holdfast, if you'll just use your good business talents for me, an' come into the house an' take some of your legal cap an' write out a form, an' head the subscription, the rest of us 'll all *hev* to follow." If he didn't come in, an' wash his hands, and sit down to his desk, and while Mrs. Holdfast was givin' little Pres. some cookies an' talkin' to the baby, he handed me a paper, all writ out, "pledging the signers to give the sums opposite their names to cancel the debt and relieve the Board from the present financial straits, these gifts to be made as a small return for God's gifts and mercies." Then he wrote Hiram B. Holdfast, $250.00; Mrs. Hiram Holdfast, $50.00. Of course I didn't look as I felt when he handed me the paper, for I was all thunder-struck; but surely I thanked him, an' he went back to his harness. When I showed Mis' Holdfast how he'd signed for her, she did look dazed, and jus' said, "Well, well!" an' when I said good afternoon to her at the gate, she forgot herself an' said, "Well, well!" I don't mistrust it was the first time such a thing ever happened to her.

Now 'twasnt nothin *I* said that fixed all this up so nice. It was just the Spirit speakin' in me. I can't tell you how I *felt*, but I knew Preston was in for thirty dollars; n' when tea-time came, n' I showed him the paper, he just roared an' laughfed, an' says, "Aunt Marty, the deacon must have been sick, or else you're bewitched, an can change a lemon into an egg by talking to it. Here's thirty dollars," an' off he went into another laughfin' fit.

Now I've been misfortunit this year, like so menny others. The drouth spoiled the crops an' my renters couldn't pay much, so I shall hev to akonomize. But I had put by five dollars for a bonnet an' vail for winter. But I soon fixed that up, and so put my name under Preston's for five dollars. An' as I'd found my specs and a new peace of bombazin that matched my dress to a dot, a peace I'd put away an' forgot all about, I sat down, after the children were all in bed, with my summer frame, an' I knew I could make out a real neat bonnet to match my Sabbath suit. Harry Forbes,

Prestons nephew, looked in to see Susy an' me. He's always jokin', like his uncle, so he says, "Aunt Marty, that bonnet of yours would touch the soul of a corporation." (Susy says there's a sayin' corporations have no souls.) "Why so, Harry?" says I. "Well don't ask me, but it looks s'f it had been in the iron grasp of penury, its so pathetikilly plain." "Oh," says I, "Wait till I put some pipin' and folds on it, an' then you won't be ashamed to walk to church with old Aunty on Sabbath." For you see he's like menny another boy away from home; he don't go to church as he'd ought to.

"Go to church with you, Aunt Marty? I'd go with you if you wore the dish-pan on your head. Of course I'll go with you an' your new bonnet." Then Susy went at it an' told him all about how I'd been workin' for the missions, an' how I'd given up my bonnet, an' then she handed him the subscription paper, after she'd written something on it, an' he read out, "Hiram B. Holdfast, $250.00; Mrs. H. B. Holdfast, $50.00; Preston Reece, $30.00; Mrs. Martha Howells, $5.00; Mrs. Susan Reece, $10.00; well here goes for Henry Forbes, $5.00," says he. "Aunt Marty," says he, "sometimes I see so menny mean an' stingy professing Christians, I am tempted to say there's nothing in religion. But I know one or two good women, whose lives make me ashamed to say such a thing, an' I won't."

After he was gone I says to Susy, for he sets a heap of store by Susy, I says, "Its a good thing, Susy, you've such an influence over Harry. You see how he feels about you an' his mother." Susy looked at me kind of queer, an' she says, "Dear Aunt Marty; there's some things your dear old eyes won't see, nor you can't understand.

P. S.—I do hope that Mr. Holdfast is a *really changed man*. E. Y. G.

Missionary Correspondence.

ON BOARD THE IBIS.

ABOO KERKAS, EGYPT, SEPT. 28th, '87.

THERE are many interesting things connected with going to church in the villages, aside from hearing the preached word. We spent last Sabbath at Bayadeeya. I do not often go out at night, but at this place our boat being quite near the church I went up to the meeting on Saturday night. I found the church building to be long and narrow, I would judge about thirty feet long and not more than twelve feet wide. The door is at one end and opening immediately on to the street. At the entrance in one corner of the room they have boarded off a square for the women about eight by twelve feet, boarded up so high that no passerby can see over. At the side of this *pen*, facing the pulpit, is a close lattice work, so that by straining the eyes they can see the shadow of the preacher, who stands at the opposite end of the long room. When I entered this small apartment I found it already full, there being no less than fifty women and girls with babies, numerous, thrown in.

They gave me a chair (their only one and it with three fourths of the back broken off) and I placed it as near the door as possible in order to get the fresh air, but in this I was disappointed. The evening was close and all the windows being far above our heads, there was not much chance for a breeze.

As soon as I sat down the entire assemblage of women and girls came to

take my hand, the first seating herself on the ground as close to me as possible and the others crowding in against her until I found I had no longer room for my feet. Some rested their hands in my lap while others held my feet and looked into my face with all the curiosity imaginable.

There was a man at the door with a "naboot" (staff) to keep off the street rabble, still they would crowd in and when it became unbearable, the doorkeeper would come in and take out some of the intruders. Every few minutes two or three of the women would stand up, catch their gowns at the neck and shake them vigorously, in order to give their bodies a fanning. This was refreshing perhaps to them but not in the least like "the atter of roses" to me. But how about hearing the sermon? When I could get them quieted down, I could hear pretty well. But with the crying of the babies, the talking in an undertone, one reproving another for not keeping quiet, &c., it was impossible to follow the preacher. The next morning, knowing that the exercises would be long, sermon and ordination of officers, I thought best not to go into the women's apartment so I went into the men's place. This was also crowded to overflowing but it was more orderly. The bench along the four sides of the room was filled and those in the center sat on the ground as closely packed as they could sit. There were something over a hundred men within and about half as many more outside who could not get in. The evening service, which included communion, was begun about five o'clock, but it grew quite dark in the church and the moonlight was streaming in at the windows before it was finished.

We left Bayadeeya the next morning and came down to Aboo Kerkas. On Tuesday, after close confinement at study all the forenoon, Mr. G. proposed that we go across the river to see some tombs, supposed to be the oldest in Egypt. A scene in one of the tombs was at one time supposed to represent the arrival of Joseph's brethren in Egypt, but the date of the excavation of the tomb, several centuries before the age of Joseph, and the name and number written over the bodies, show the incorrectness of this idea. We crossed the country lying between the *river channel* and the mountain in a little skiff. (It is the time of inundation.) When we came to the sands we took donkeys, which where not much larger than sheep, and rode to the foot of the mountain. Our little Edith was along and is always glad to ride a donkey "all by herself." Coming back I asked her if she was getting on nicely and she made answer in rather a serious tone "I think this donkey has a bone in his back" (our donkeys had neither saddles nor bridles, only a kind of blanket serving for a saddle, and were not of the well favored and fat fleshed.)

We expect to spend the Sabbath at Aboo Kerkas. From this place there are several towns to be reached, and Mr. Giffen has been taking them in turn, holding communion at each place.

Very Sincerely,

ELIZABETH GIFFEN.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Mr. Anshalian, of Koos, Egypt:

I wish to give you an item or two of information in regard to some very sad and degrading customs which I have found to exist among the women of this country.

When there is a death, even among our church members, it is very difficult to get the women of the family to attend church for at least one year. They consider that by going out of their homes they are casting their deceased relative under

the ground and trampling him under the dust. They say that to go out of the house would be to consider the departed as a thing without value. Not long since it was with great difficulty that we could persuade the wife and mother in one of our best families to return to the church after having absented herself for five years on account of the death of her daughter. But I am most happy to state that a few months ago we did succeed in persuading her to return, and for about five months she was exceedingly punctual in her attendance, missing, I think, not even a prayer meeting, and then she too was called away by death.

These last five months of her life were also characterized by efforts on her part to train her family in the fear and admonition of the Lord. We are exceedingly rejoiced that the summons to depart was not placed in her hands before her return to attendance on the ordinances of public worship in God's house.

The seclusion of the women greatly hinders work among them. A girl can hardly go to school after she is ten years of age. In one of our families where I have often gone in the course of my pastorial visitations, there is a girl some eighteen years of age of whose existence I did not know until about a month ago. And still she is not brought in when I go to have prayer with the family. I always tell the people to bring in all the family. After they are all seated, I ask if that is all; and a few days ago in reply to my question when at the house of one of our families, I was told that there was another daughter. I asked where she was; they replied upstairs. I told them to bring her. They replied that it would be a shame for her to come. I had to give up to their notions of propriety.

May God in some way above our understanding give the women of the church at home ways and means of working that will bring about a change in the customs of their benighted sisters in Egypt, so that they may be more accessible to the refining and civilizing influence of the religion which has been given to us to make known.

Most sincerely yours,

G. ANSHALION.

MISS WALLACE, of Knoxville, writes December 15:

Miss McDill will have everything arranged in the Home this week, although it has been some time since she moved; was kept back on account of water. Our cisterns were all dry, and having to haul water for a family like ours was no easy thing. Everything is so comfortable. Miss McDill says, "When I am arranging things here while the children are in school I cry almost all the time. The church has been so kind, the Lord has done so much and I feel so humble." Yesterday one of our old students brought a cow for us to buy, which he wished us to take for his nephew's board. His father had shot a man and had been compelled to run away. He could not think of Charley staying out of school. We took the cow, and Charley is to enter at the beginning of next term. How many would sell their cow to pay for the schooling of a nephew?

I enclose two letters, one from Miss Mason and the other from Mr. Cloud. These persons were both helped by the 3d church, Xenia. I believe they are both earnest Christian workers, although in very different fields:

EXTRACTS FROM MISS HENRIETTA MASON'S LETTER.

Knensee, Ky., Nov. 15, 1887.

I scarcely know just what to say about the work here. I do not think this is a place where we would like to establish a permanent mission because everything belongs to the company and the popu-

lation is a floating one. Mining is the only work here for laborers. If a strike should occur to-morrow, our school would have to close at once, since it is a subscription school. The number of children here now of school age will not exceed forty. (I mean colored children.)

I have been elected Superintendent of the Sabbath-school. I am doing the best I can, but our average attendance in Sabbath-school is about twelve. They are very indifferent and care very little about anything that is elevating. The people, men and women, live very immoral lives. It is truly shocking. It is not only a few, but the majority. Yes, a good Christian worker is needed in a place like this, but I sometimes feel that we are "casting our pearls before swine." Yet I am not altogether disheartened. I do not feel that my stay here will be in vain if I am "steadfast, abounding in the work of the Lord."

I would like to give the people the full benefit of a good school term. I expect to come home during the holidays and I will have the pleasure of seeing and talking with you about the work, but in the meantime if you get word from any L. M. S., please write. It would be very encouraging to the committee to get some assistance.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. P. C. CLOUD'S LETTER.

Prairie Bluff, Ala., Nov. 6, 1887.

Since the work of education and religion are of more importance than that of my own personal affairs, you may not expect a letter concerning myself.

When we read the parable (Luke 10: 30-35) which Christ cited to the tempting lawyer, of the man "who fell among thieves which stripped him of his raiment and wounded him, and departed leaving him half dead," etc., we can justly apply it to the condition of these people. While hundreds "pass by on the other side," now and then a charitable hand is found healing the wounds of the needy. I think our church could not have found a more suitable place in this county for a mission than Canton Bend. There are eighty-seven families here, averaging more than two children each who have not reached their 'teens. There are about fifty between the ages of twelve and twenty-one. There are numbers of others. So you see, Miss Wallace, this is a thickly settled place of that class of people who certainly need instruction. Their home training is bad, yet it is better than can be expected, since there are so few who are capable of ruling and protecting the home. Few of them take any pride in making home pleasant and attractive. From April till December the men and women with their children go into the cotton field and stay till night, leaving their houses in possession of the smaller ones. The mother dispatches her work as quickly as possible and then the house is left to the influence of the noisy children. The Sabbath is often spent in feasting and socials, yet it is encouraging to see the willingness of most of them to receive instruction. The Sabbath-school is now becoming crowded, not only with children, but mothers and fathers, old men and women with the first readers, learning their alphabet and the ten commandments. Then in the evening the Bible reading is most interesting. There are four churches, one in each quarter for convenience. I am satisfied that the ministers make very little impression on the minds of their audience.

You wish to know of the needs of the work here. The school work requires two teachers. I have an average of fifteen minutes to each recitation. It is impossible for me to give the proper instructions and attention to a class when I am compelled to keep my eyes over the school if I have any kind of discipline in the school. The present need of a school-house is of more importance

than that of a teacher. The children cannot study in this house during cold weather. We make fires in the yard for the large boys. This old house is the church, school-house and every other thing they wish to have, but I greatly esteem it since it is blessed with the only Sabbath-school in Canton Bend.

When the people heard that Miss Mason was not coming back and fearing there was no possibility of getting another "Parson" from Knoxville College, they became disheartened and dropped the Sabbath-school. I have got it in active work now and it is becoming crowded.

Remember me in your prayer meetings, especially the work which is committed to my charge:

Yours in Christ,

P. C. CLOUD.

WARM SPRINGS AGENCY.

[This letter was not intended for publication, but we know it will be read with interest.]

Dear Friend:

The government has granted to the church the school at the Agency, but the buildings must be erected before the contract can be completed. The Oregon Presbytery has taken action upon the subject and appointed a building committee. Two members of that committee visited us week before last. The buildings are to be commenced as soon as the weather permits, and we hope that they will be ready for occupancy by the 1st of July. The government agrees to help clothe and feed the children in the school after the buildings are erected. The running of the school is going to bring quite an expense upon the Home Mission Board, but we earnestly hope that they will receive abundant help from the church, for our prayers and labors have been to this end ever since we came here and saw the great necessity of the children of this poor people having religious instructors.

Sometimes we have felt that it was long to wait for an answer to our prayers, but the Lord has brought it all about in his own good time and way.

In the council which was held with the Indians by the brethren of the Presbytery there was a full meeting, and all the Indians who spoke expressed themselves as greatly pleased that the school was to pass into the care of the church. They said they wanted Christian men as teachers for their children. They did not want men who abused their children and who swore. They believed the church would do what was right, and that it would send them *good* men for teachers—men who would teach their children both in books and to work outside of the school-room; that it was with sad hearts that they had seen their children go to school month after month without advancing any, and that they were afraid they would never know more than their fathers. One man said that he believed that God intended that the red man should be educated, and that this plan for the church to take the school was not man's plan, but God's. There were many other things said which were equally as good, but this is enough to show how pleased they are that there is going to be a change in the management of the school, and the confidence they have in the church.

Yours Affectionately,

KATE W. MCBRIDE.

WARM SPRINGS, OREGON, Nov. 19.

Editorial Department.

In extending the greetings of a "Happy New Year" to our thirty-two hundred readers, we assure each one of them of our appreciation of their helpful efforts in behalf of the MAGAZINE, and as we to whom its interests have been more especially committed have awaited its coming from the press each month with pleasure (mingled, we confess, with much fear and trembling, lest some mistake or omission has been made); with no less anxiety have we watched it being set in order to take its departure, with the sincere desire in our hearts that it "fall not out by the way"—that it escape the "perils of transit"—reach safely its destined place, and prove there a welcome blessing. As we take an outlook upon the mission work of our church for the new year, we certainly find reasons for encouragement, yet, considering the importance of the work, the progress made the past year seems slow. The Boards of our church, 'tis true, are efficient and well organized. Our methods are good enough to be used by the Spirit of God for the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan, and without this all plans and appliances are unavailing. The suggestion therefore which we bring for the new year is that we realize above all our other needs the special need of power from on high; that we enter upon our work more prayerfully in entire dependence upon Divine help. Perhaps in the past our women's meetings have been too much for study or entertainment, not enough for prayer and supplication. Perhaps in our mission bands we have been training the intellect, forgetting that with the heart God is well pleased. Perhaps in our giving we have thought of the amount and neglected to ask God to bless the gift; and in all things we may have lost sight of His honor and glory as the chief object of all service and sacrifice. If such has been our lack in the past let us begin anew this year with more prayer. Let us pray for ourselves, that we may be brought into closer sympathy with our Lord and Master, and not shrink as we have in the past from the "fellowship of his sufferings" and then can we teach the transgressor his way and sinners will be turned unto God. Let us pray for the rich that they may know the blessedness of giving generously; then our boards will not be burdened with debt, and "retrenchment" will not for one moment be thought of; and for the poor that they may give of their mites; for the young and gifted that they may dedicate their talents to the service of the Lord; for the old that they may still bring forth fruit and their hoary hairs may be found in the ways of righteousness, and by all means pray for those who do not pray for themselves, that they may be brought into the fold of Christ; and while praying thus for the church at home there is great need to pray for the overburdened workers abroad. The fields are white for the harvest, the heathen dying without hearing the word of life. Surely we have need to pray. How can we help it—our own inefficiency—God's all-sufficiency. The magnitude of the work ought to bring us before God. Let us praise him this year and see if it will not pre-eminently be a year of the right hand of the Most High—a year glorious with salvation at home and abroad.

It is quite appropriate that immediately following the greetings of the season should be the announcement of the generous donation made to our Women's General Missionary Society, through the

Magazine Committee, by Rev. Robert Dick, of Buffalo, N. Y. Having had such serious trouble with our mailing department, as many subscribers are too well aware, Messrs. Marshall & Beveridge, our publishers, were asked to examine the different mailers in use. They recommended the Dick mailer, the regular price of which with "rights" is $30. In response to an order, Mr. Dick replied saying that for exclusive use of missionary society organs of the United Presbyterian church he had sent one of his best mailers, and would only ask of the Christian women $10.25, which gives us the best mailer to be found, *exclusive of all rights*. Such devotion as this of one's talents to the furtherance of the Lord's cause is worthy of emulation by all.

MISS M. M. SHAW, Corresponding Secretary of our Women's Board, informs us that at its last meeting the statement was made that something over $100 was still needed to pay for furnishing the Little Girls' Home at Knoxville. When this enterprise was first proposed, the raising of so much money seemed a rather formidable undertaking, but now that so much has been done and not thousands, or even hundreds, are asked for, cannot societies and individuals meet the responsibility and rejoice in "something accomplished, something done?"

IT is gratifying to learn that the children are becoming interested in the MAGAZINE. One little girl is saving her pennies, that she may subscribe for it for herself and to loan it to others.

"IT is the common conviction of all familiar with the progress of missions, and with the vantage ground now gained that the time has come for enlarged missionary effort. By means of rapid and easy communication the world has been brought to our very doors."—*Selected.*

DR. WRIGHT, of Oberlin, visited Alaska last year and in an article published in the *Independent*, Sept. 29th, 1887, thus speaks of the impression made on the Taku Tribe of Indians by the brief labors of Dr. Corlies:

The whole tribe laid aside their heathen customs, banished their medicine men and built a church. It was interesting to see the impression made upon our Taku heathen guide, who had, as it were, but touched the hem of the missionary's garment, but had learned more from even that brief contact with such Christian devotion than the most of us learn from much greater advantages. Whatever may be thought of the strictness of Presbyterian doctrines in the abstract, our man Jake had caught the spirit of Christ from the men who brought the doctrines; as his creed, which he drew out of him by questions one Sunday morning, testifies. As translated to us by the other guide, who could speak broken English, "Jake's" creed was as follows:

"1st. God is the Boss of us fellers and of every man all.

"2d. God loves us fellers and every man all.

"3d. I feel in my heart that I love God. I love my brother, my sister, every man all.

"4th. I wish every feller loved Jesus. Then they good; no bad, no fight."

On further inquiry we found that Jake had been most deeply impressed by the care which Dr. Corlies had bestowed upon him during a serious illness, and that a temperance pledge which he had made on that occasion had been most carefully kept, and we came to trust him implicitly."

HEATHEN Eskimos used to get rid of the disabled and the dependent by letting them perish, or in some other way even worse than that. Such barbarism has ceased, and even a "poor man's box" is now hardly needed. The na-

tives, naturally covetous and much more ready to receive than to give, yet in the autumn make a contribution of train-oil for church purposes, and are in the habit of aiding their more indigent neighbors. When (1757) they learned how the Indian congregation at Gnadenhutten, in Pennsylvania, had been broken up, and those who escaped had lost their all, 'I have a fine reindeer skin which I will give,' said one; another, 'I have a pair of new reindeer-boots which I will send;' 'And I,' said a third, 'will send them a seal, that they may have something to eat and to burn.'

—*Gospel in all Lands.*

THE wife of a home missionary thus writes:

"We have been among the sick a great deal recently, being called to homes the gospel has never reached. I am only sorry I cannot sing better, or had more breath for singing, as they always want singing. We take our new Psalter with us without any excuse for using the psalms. They are good to live by, and good to die by. No objection has ever been made to them. * * * * I have about concluded in regard to women's work in the church that there is too much of it and too little of it. As a Baptist Doctor of Divinity said at their recent National Congress, 'too much for a few women and not enough for many women.' Right here I see enough work for several good women."

THE first missionary sent to Africa by the M. E. church was Rev. Melville Beveridge Cox. He died in Monrovia, in less than a year after his arrival, and his last words were, "*Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.*" We have brave men and women in Egypt, our field in Africa, and also in our mission in India, who could say the same, and cannot we say to them, *let thousands be spent before one station be given up?*

MISS E. J. SLOAN, Treasurer of Women's Board, announces her receipts for last month as $1395.02.

MRS. T. T. MILLER, of Gove City, Kansas, in writing us, says:

"We are very much encouraged in our missionary work here. Concordia Presbytery gave us Gove and Sheridan counties to work up, and in one and a half years we have five Sabbath-Schools, an earnest working congregation in Gove City, with a neat little stone church, two points in Sheridan county, one of these ready for organization, some money also raised for a church, twenty-five United Presbyterians in Gove county and twenty in Sheridan county."

Extracts from the address of Rev. Judson Smith, D. D., at the late meeting of the American Board:

"To-day 34 missionary societies are at work in Africa, and all its 200,000,000 souls are practically within the reach of Christian missions; 33 societies have begun work in China, and all its 350,000,000 souls may be visited with the message of the Gospel; more than 50 societies have entered India, and the light is dawning upon its 250,000,000; Turkey and Persia and Japan are filling with mission churches and mission schools; practically, the whole world is open, and now the grandest day of opportunity for the kingdom of God that the earth has ever seen has fully dawned. * * * *

Observe how the work itself expands and thrives. The Bible is to-day translated, either wholly or in part, into 287 languages and dialects, including all that are widely spoken; so that the message of salvation from the printed page may reach nine-tenths of the entire population of the globe. 'The adherents of the religion of Jesus Christ to-day outnumber the followers of any other faith in the world. Christian missions number more than 2,000,000 adherents on heathen soil;

and at the present rate of increase will include 20,000,000 before the century closes. Obstacles are not all overcome; the hardships and perils and heroisms of the work are not all past; Christian faith still finds itself often tried, and courage is put well to the test, and checks and defeats enough attend the work to prove that the evil spirits of hate and murder are not yet exorcised; that still "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God."

But in spite of all that is thus set down or suggested, in spite of all obstacles and defeats, the great task of evangelizing the nations moves steadily, resistlessly forward; nay, checks, losses, defeats and deaths, all tend to clear its way, to deepen its purpose, and to intensify its force. The Christian church once met the haughty power of the Roman empire and bled beneath its blows for two full centuries; but in the end it triumphed and mounted the very throne of its deadly foe. The cross that prevailed over the Roman eagles is as mighty to-day and is as steadfastly rising above the hostile power of China and Turkey and Africa, and soon shall fill those vast populations with a new hope and a nobler life.

Young People's Department.

"We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His Harvest.
The fields are all white
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest."

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY ELIZA CARROLL SNELL.

"Ain't you ready, Addie?" asked Tom, as he stood by the front gate and swung his basket to and fro, in his hand.

"Almost," replied his sister from the front hall. "Where is my basket, I wonder? Oh, here it is! Now I'm ready," and she ran down the gravel walk and joined him at the gate.

"I think you're just as nice as you can be, Tom," she said as she slipped her

little hand into his. "Daisy Dorsen's brother won't ever let her go anywhere with him, and you let me go with you 'most always, and that's one reason I think you're so nice. I hope you'll get lots of grapes, Tom, so's you can have plenty of money to take to missionary meeting. But say, Tom, maybe you won't find any grapes."

"Oh yes I will," he answered pleasantly, looking down from his height of five feet and six inches, on the little chatter-box by his side. "I was up in the woods yesterday, and the grapes were thick all around Sawyer's Spring. Hallo! Who's that! The fellow in the gray jacket, looks like Frederick Spear.

"Where, Tom! Oh yes? 'Tis Fred Spear, Tom, and his sister Margie, and that other big boy, with the straw hat, is John Calhert, I think. See, Tom, they're coming this way toward us."

"Hallo, Thomas? Where are you bound?" called Fred, as the two parties neared each other.

Tom lifted his hat politely to Margie, nodded to John, and then replied to Fred's boyish salution, with "Halloo, Fred! I'm going to the woods, with Addie here. Going to pick grapes."

"Fox-grapes?"

"Yes. They're as thick as you please, around Sawyer's Spring."

"What are you going to do with them, Tom!" asked Margie. "I should think it would hardly pay to go all that distance for a few grapes."

"I am going to sell them, I——Look out, Addie! Don't touch that—its a hornet's next."

"Sell'm!" exclaimed Fred, "What a fellow! I can imagine you walking through town, trying to sell fox-grapes. Wouldn't you look nice!"

"I'm not going to march through town—mother's going to buy them of me. I want the money, and she wants the grapes; so we've made a bargain that I shall pick all I can to-day, and she shall pay me for them. She wants them to preserve."

"Oh! that's different. Look here, old fellow," added Fred, taking a step toward Tom, "there's a crowd of us boys going out on the lake to-morrow, and we've just been looking for one more to join us, and throw in his cash; you see, we havn't quite enough to pay for the boat and refreshments, but if you'll come along, and help us out—you'll be doing us a good turn, and have a jolly time into the bargain. Come, you needn't look glum," said he, as Tom shook his head in a decided negative manner, "we're not up to any of our larks, so you needn't be afraid to go with us. Why! Doctor Wellington's going along himself; won't that convince you, with all the prim ideas of right and wrong, that there's nothing the matter with our excursion?"

"Oh, it's not that!" answered Tom, laughing and shaking back his black locks. "The trouble is, I want all the money I've got for another purpose."

"Yes," broke in Addie, not seeing Tom's warning look, "he's going to give all the money he gets to the missionaries. He's only got a little money now, but when mamma pays him for the grapes, he'll have lots, and he's going to take all to missionary meeting—every cent. You see he spent all his money for a printing press a little while ago, or he'd have some of that. Tom's always giving money to the missionaries and the heathens; he gave a dollar just a little while ago, and now he's going to give all his grape money, when he gets it."

"Yes, I am," said Tom firmly, "that's just the very thing I'm going to do with my money," and he took Addie's hand again, which he had dropped, ashamed that he should have been vexed with her for speaking.

"Thomas Hayward! Well, I don't believe you're such a fellow as all that!"

"Well I am—just such a fellow. If I was ashamed to own it at first, I'm not now."

Fred laughed scornfully. "Just listen to that will you!" he exclaimed, turning to where John and Margie stood, a few steps away, "Here's Tom Hayward, a great fellow sixteen years old, if he's a day, tramping off with that precious little sister of his to get fox-grapes so he can have some money to take to 'missionary meeting.' Ha! ha! ha! What a milk-sop! I'd buy a rag baby if I were you, and go and play with the little girls."

"Come Addie!" said Tom, with a great effort controlling himself, and turning to go away.

"Yes, I should think you'd sneak off," continued Fred, "I should think you'd be ashamed to be so mean. A regular baby, I declare! Selling grapes to get money to send to the missionaries! Well if that isn't too rich for anything! Trying to be goody-goody, aint you?"

"Look here, Fred," said Tom, turning back, and drawing himself up, with a flash in his eyes, "Look here, Fred, listen to me a minute, will you! No sir, I'm not going to fight, but I want to ask you something. Didn't you stand up with me a year ago and declare yourself to be a Christian? Didn't you say to all the world that you had become a follower of the Lord? and didn't you promise to do all you could to help on His cause? Didn't you say you would strive in everything to please Him, and labor for His honor and His glory? And now you sneer at me, because I, who promised the same things as yourself, am trying to do a little to help on the Master's cause. Perhaps it does seem strange to you that I should sell grapes in order to obtain some money for the Lord; but that is no reason why you should sneer at me. I don't mean to be angry," he said, lowering his voice, "but if you knew how I was tempted just now, to deny that I was trying to do something for Him, you would be more careful in your way of speaking, and not try to discourage; I'm sure it is hard enough now, for me to do right, and if you are what you say you are, Fred; I—I think you would do well to show your colors, and not try to keep others from showing their's. Now Addie," and he turned quickly, and walked away.

"Hump! Quite a nice sermon, wasn't it?" said Fred, with a forced laugh, as he walked slowly up to John and Margie, trying to assume an air of indifference, though his face showed plainly that he was disturbed. "Oh, bother the fellow, anyway," he added, dropping his careless air, "I'd like to know what's the matter with him. I declare, he's a—"

"Brave, noble boy," interrupted his sister. "I think if all took a lesson from him it would be a good thing. Fred, there were five of us, besides Tom, who joined the church that day, and I don't think any of us have been as brave as we should have been, except he. We go to church service once a day, and to Sunday-school, and think we're doing as we should. Tom works, and denies himself, and stands a great deal of unkind treatment, I expect, from those who ought to help him, all because he's trying to do right. As for missionary meeting—I don't care how dull it is, I'm going next week, and see if I can't do something, if it's only a little—to make it more pleasant."

And Fred had not a word to say.

—*Gospel in all Lands.*

EXERCISE FOR MISSION CONCERT.

Ques.—Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?—Ps. 2:1.

Ans.—Romans 8:7.

Ques.—Wherfore should the heathen say, where is their God?—Ps. 79:10.

Ans.—Acts 17:27.

Ques.—What shall the end be of them who obey not the Gospel?—1 Peter 4:17.

Ans.—Jeremiah 7:13, 15, 16.

Ques.—How then can man be justified with God?—Job 25:4.

Ans.—Romans 5:1.

Ques.—How then shall they call on him whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?—Romans 10:14.

Ans.—Acts 10:42, 43.

Ques.—How shall they preach except they be sent?—Romans 10:15.

Ans.—Luke 10:1. Mark 16:20.

Ques.—How much owest thou?—Luke 16:5.

Ans.—Acts 17:28. James 1:17.

Ques.—Why stand ye here all the day idle?—Matthew 20:6.

Ans.—Romans 1:14, 15.

Ques.—Who is sufficient for these things?—2 Corinthians 2:16.

Ans.—Philipians 4:13.

Ques.—Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?—1 Chronicles 29:5.

Ans.—Mark 10:28. 2 Cor. 5:9.

Ques.—What shall we do to these men?—Acts 4:16.

Ans.—Matt. 21:28, last clause; Luke 10:2, last clause.

Ques.—What is my reward then?—1 Corinthians 9:18.

Ans.—Galatians 6:8. Daniel 12:3.

Read in concert Psalm 2:8, Psalm 126:6, Mark 16:15, Matthew 28:20.

—*Selected.*

MONTHLY MEETING. THANKSGIVING FOR MERCIES FOR THE YEAR.

Scripture lesson, Psalm 107.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us—1 Sam. 7:12.

For what God has done.—John 3:16, Rom. 6:23, Is. 38:17, last clause; Jer. 31:3, Is. 63:9, Rom. 5:1, Rom. 8:1, James 1:17.

For what He promises to do.—2 Cor. 6:18, Ps. 32:8, Ps. 48:14, Is. 30:21, Ps. 91:15, 2 Thess 3;3, Josh 1:9, Phll. 4:19, John 14:2–3, Hosea 14:4, Zeph. 3:17.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!—Ps. 107:8, 15, 21,31.

BLESSINGS RECEIVED.

Our church has many things for which to be thankful. The fact that we not only have a name and a place as a church, but that we also have the respect of all other denominations is a matter of gratitude. Thinking people readily grant that United Presbyterians are a good kind of people to have in a community. They are intelligent, sober and industrious. They make good citizens and good neighbors. They help to keep up the moral tone of the community, a kind of salt of the earth, the light of the world together with all other good people. We note a few facts.

Since the Union in 1858, the church has nearly doubled her membership. Contributlons have increased five fold or more. The interest in education is on the increase. Our colleges have more students than during previous years, and as to facilities for study they com-

pare favorably with colleges of other denominations. United Presbyterian academies are being established all over this country, and we are training not only children of the church but of the world. These colleges and academies are religious institutions. This is one of the most encouraging facts connected with the work of the church. The interest in foreign missions is on the increase. The reports from Egypt and India for the last year have stirred the hearts of the people. More than 400 net gain reported from Egypt, 1923 from India. Men have been standing with money in hand ready to pay those who will go to these fields. Presbyterial Associations are supporting quite a number of missionaries. The whole church proposes to give more this year than any previous year, and yet the cry is, "We want more helpers! Who will go?" The work in the home field is encouraging. God has given whole communities to our church in Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oregon and Washington Territory. We are gaining ground in the West and also in the middle and eastern states. It has been demonstrated that the Psalms are adapted to the mission fields as well as to old and established congregations.

Another occasion for thankfulness is the fact that so many are giving themselves to this work. Parents have given their only son or only daughter to the work of missions. We have our Geo. Morrisons, Annie Givens, Mary Fraziers, Misses Strang and Euphie Gordons. Yes, sons and daughters of home missionaries, sons and daughters of ministers who laid down their lives in the foreign field. God has taught us that nothing is too costly for His service, and hence the blessing has come upon us.

Again it is an occasion for thankfulness that so many women are interested in the work of the church. There is a Missionary Association in nearly every Presbytery. There are more than 15,000 women in the congregational societies. There is a general society and an Auxiliary Board. The contributions last year were $46,000 Some have given their lives, others are cheerfully making sacrifices and enduring hardships which suggest the devotion of the early church. The result is successful missions in Egypt and India, and increased prosperity in the home field. The statements of Mrs. Hogg, in the December number of the MAGAZINE, show how the work of the women has been appreciated by the missionaries. The papers of the church and Sabbath-school are giving more attention to missions in the past, and we have a magazine for publishing missionary news, and discussing the best methods of carrying on the work. With thankful hearts we note the part taken by the children, the little workers, the little earnings, the little savings, the little prayers, all help in this ministering before the Lord. Truly God has been good to us and it becomes us to ask, "What shall *we* render unto the Lord for all his *benefits* to us."

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

What can I give to Jesus
Who "gave himself for me?"
How can I show my love to Him
Who died on Calvary?

I'll give my heart to Jesus,
In childhood's tender spring;
I know that He will not despise
So mean an offering.

I'll give my soul to Jesus,
And calmly, gladly rest
Its youthful hopes and fond desires
Upon His loving breast.

I'll give my mind to Jesus,
And seek in thoughtful hours
His Spirit's grace to consecrate
Its early opening powers.

I'll give my strength to Jesus,
Of foot, and head, and will;
Run where He sends, and ever strive
His pleasure to fulfill.

I'll give my time to Jesus;
O that each hour might be
Filled up with holy work for Him
Who spent His life for me.

I'll give my wealth to Jesus;
'Tis little I possess,
But all I am, and all I have,
O, Lord, accept and bless.

And if, Divine Reedeemer,
Long life to me be given,
Thy missionary let me be,
To win some precious souls for Thee;
With them through all eternity,
To praise thy name in heaven.

Women's Auxiliary Board, &c.

In a letter from the Secretary, Miss M. M Shaw, of the Women's Auxiliary Board, she states that something over one hundred dollars is still needed to pay for the furnishing of the Little Girls' Home at Knoxville. It will be noticed that the receipts of the Treasurer for the month were $1,395.02.

RECEIPTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1887.

Foreign Missions.—L. M. S., Cadiz, O., $10; W. M. S., North church, Philadelphia, on debt, 40; L. M. S., Little York, Ill., on debt, 8.80; W. M. S., Wooster, O., on debt, 25; L. M. S., Coin, Iowa, on debt, 9; W. M. S. 1st Los Angeles, 24.65; W. M. S. Greenville, Pa., 10; L. M. S., Huntsville, O., 10; L. M. S., Siivercreek, O., 7.80; L. M. S., Kenton, O., 7; W, M. S., Big Springs Presbytery, on debt, 7; L. M. S., Page Centre, Ia., on debt, 5; L. M. S., Pratt Creek, Ia., 5; L. M. S., Hanover, Pa., 10; W. M. S., Morning Sun, O., 31; L M. S., 1st, Wheeling, W. Va., 60; L. M. S. LaTrobe, Io; L. M. S., Union, Ia., 9.

Salaries.—Miss Thompson, W. M. S., Muskingum, 86; W. M. S., 1st Ohio, 26.25; Miss M. Strang, W. M. S., Southern Ill, 117; Miss Smith, W. M. S., Garnett, 12.83; Miss Given, W. M. S., Indiana, 15.50; Miss M. J. Campbell, W. M. S., Monmouth, 25.

Miscellaneous—Y. L. A. Society, 1st Allegheny, 50, for the education of a little girl under Miss McKown; Y. L. Band, Sewickley, Allegheny Presbytery, 21, for tuition of a little girl in Miss McCahan's school; W. M. S., Cove, Pa., 25, for support of Saloma Sadala, native missionary in Egypt; W. M. S., Lower Chanceford, Pa., 13, for training schools in India and Egypt; Miss Lenora Martin, a late member of L. M. S., of Living Lake, Iowa, 25, for Zenana work in India; L. M. S. Burgettstown, Pa., for India, 15; L. M. S., Logan's Ferry, Pa., 14, for women's work in Egypt.

Home Mission.—L. M. S., Cadiz, 10; L. M. S., Springdale, Pa., 12; L. M. S., Desmoines, Iowa, 8; Greenville, Pa., 10; L. M. S., Huntsville, O., 7.30; L. M. S., Scotch Ridge, O., 10; W. M. S. Big Springs Presb., 20; L. M. S., Mt. Prospect, Pa. 10; W. M. S., Southern Ill., 10.51; L. M. S., Elvira, Ia., 10, for Englewood mission, Chicago; W. M. S., Unity, O., 10; L. M. S., 1st Wheeling, W. Va., 40; L. H. M. S., 1st Allegheny, 38.54, special; L. M. S. North Henderson, Ill., 7, for Warm Spring's Indian Mission.

Freedmen's Mission.—L. M. S., Cadiz, 10; L. M. S., 2d New Wilmington, Pa., 21.50; L. M. S. New Lisbon, O., 8, for Knoxville; L. M. S., Washington, Pa., 40; L. M. S., Burgettstown, Pa., 10.

Church Extension.—Mrs. M. J. Irwin, Westmoreland Presbytery, 50; W. M.

S., North church, Philadelphia, 10; L. M. S., Huntsville, O., 10, for Los Angelos; L. M. S., Kenton, O., 7; L. M. S., Service, Pa., 39.

Little Girls' Home.—For furnishing, Y. P. M. S., Wheeling W. Va., 20; W. M. S., North church, Philadelphia, 5; Mission Band, 2d Philadelphia, 16; L. M. S. Huntsville, O., 5; L. M. S. 6th Allegheny, 10; Y. L. A. A. Society, 4th Allegheny, 36.25; L. M. S., South Buffalo, Pa., 6.37; L. M. S., Elvira, Ia., 5; Children's Band, Hamilton, O., 6.37; W. M. S., Indiana Presbytery, 5.

Orphans' Home, Allegheny.—W. M. S., Greenville, Pa., 10; L. M. S., Concordia, Kansas, 10.

Ministerial Relief.—L. M. S. Cadiz, 6; L. M. S., Washington, Pa., 10; W. M. S., 2d Xenia, 20; L. M. S., Elvira, Ia., 5.

Parsonage Fund..—Mrs. M. J. Irwin, Westmoreland Presbytery, 50; Infant Class, McKeesport, Pa., 5.25. Waitsburgh Academy, L. M. S., Cadiz, 10.

E. J. SLOAN, Treasurer.

THE following is the number of subscribers received from each Presbyterial society to date, Dec. 22d. It was at first proposed to give the number in each congregational society, some of whom were by a blunder omitted in the August number, but this was found impracticable for want of space and also because a large number of individual subscriptions could not be placed:

Albany Presbytery, 11; Argyle, 37; Allegheny, 387; Arkansas Valley, 5; Beaver Valley, 67; Big Springs, 41; Brookville, 11, Butler, 84; Caledonia, N. Y., 76; Cedar Rapids, Ia., 68; Chartiers, Pa., 130; Chicago, Ill., 50; Chillacothe, O., 3; Cleveland, O., 32; College Springs, Iowa, 54; Colorado, Col., 25; Concordia, Kans., 10; Conemaugh, Pa., 106; Delaware, N. Y., 10; Des Moines, Ia., 108; Detroit, Mich., 46; Frankfort, Pa., 21; Garnett, Kans., 28; Illinois Central, Ill., 14; Illinois Southern, Ill., 54; Indiana., Ind., 90; Indiana Northern, Ind., 7; Kansas, Kans., 40; Keokuk, Ia., 38; Lake, Pa., 86; LeClaire, Ia., 49; Mansfield, O., 53; Mercer, Pa., 71; Western Mo., Mo., 30; Monmouth, Ill., 92; Monongahela, Pa., 324; Muskingum, Ohio., 60; Neosho, Kans., 6; New York, N. Y., 28; 1st Ohio, O., 59 Omaha, Neb., 19; Oregon, Oregon, 10; Pawnee, Neb., 3; Philadelphia, Pa., 52; Princeton, Ind., 36; Rock Island, Ia., 20; San Francisco, Cala., 1; Los Angeles, Cala., 38; Sidney, O., 58; Stanford, Canada, 8; Steubenville, O. 29; West Moreland, Pa., 111; Wheeling, Va., 92; Xenia, O. 188; Egypt, 23; India, 25 Miscellaneous, 33.

These with a number from the A. R. Church South, and some to whom the MAGAZINE is sent gratuitously because of their claims on the church make the present list 3270.

HOW MAY WE MAKE OUR MONTHLY MISSIONARY MEETINGS INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE?

THE task assigned me to open the discussion of this subject seems as difficult as it is important. It is a question that has perplexed the minds of those interested in missionary societies since the first one was organized. And yet it seems strange that such a question should even be raised. But it is only too true that many are not as interested in our missionary meetings as they should be. Now how is this state of affairs to be remedied?

1st. By prompt and regular attendance upon meetings on the part of all the members. It may seem impossible to have all the members present at each meeting, yet not as impossible as we think. Of course there are times when circumstances may be such that we will be

compelled to be absent, but not often. We only meet once a month. Can we not so place our work that we may find time to spend part of an afternoon this often in taking counsel together and in devising ways and means of advancing Christ's kingdom here in our midst and throughout the world? I am afraid of many of us it could be said, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things," but neglecting the good part that shall not be taken away. We need more Marys; more women willing to sit at the Savior's feet and learn of Him. If we allow the cares of this world to occupy all our time and attention the Lord will say to us as he did to the Scribes and Pharisees of old, "These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone." Let each one of us then make it a matter of duty to attend each meeting of our society. It is a notorious fact that when the members of any organization become slack in this respect, they inevitably lose interest in said organization. Faithful attendance is indispensible.

2d. Give each one something to do. The old deacon said no meeting was so interesting as that in which he himself had a part Then let each one be assigned some part, and let each and every one perform faithfully the part assigned. How can we have *interesting* meetings if those called upon to take part in the exercises remain away from the meetings or for some reason fail to do the part assigned. Let us have no drones.

3d. All the members must keep posted in regard to mission work. To this end, each member should take, and read, our own MISSIONARY MAGAZINE, and also carefully peruse the missionary articles in our church papers. In no other way can we be fired with missionary zeal, and intelligently act in relation to the work which necessarily devolves upon us as a missionary society. Knowledge is power in this, as in all other lines of work.

4th. Let each member pray for the welfare of the society, and for all sister societies. Nothing will deepen our interest in any work like praying for it. How many of us pray for this society and for the individual members, and that our own hearts may be so full of love for the Lord's cause, that it will be a pleasure to do our share toward making our meetings interesting and profitable. No one can earnestly and persistently pray for the success of any cause and habitually remain inactive in regard to it. Pray earnestly and do all in your power to answer your own prayers. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Pray in secret and the Lord himself shall reward you openly.

5th We should contribute cheerfully and liberally of our means. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Give as the Lord has prospered us. Give of our time as well as our money. Give until we feel it. Deny ourselves that we may give. Accompany our gifts with our prayers.

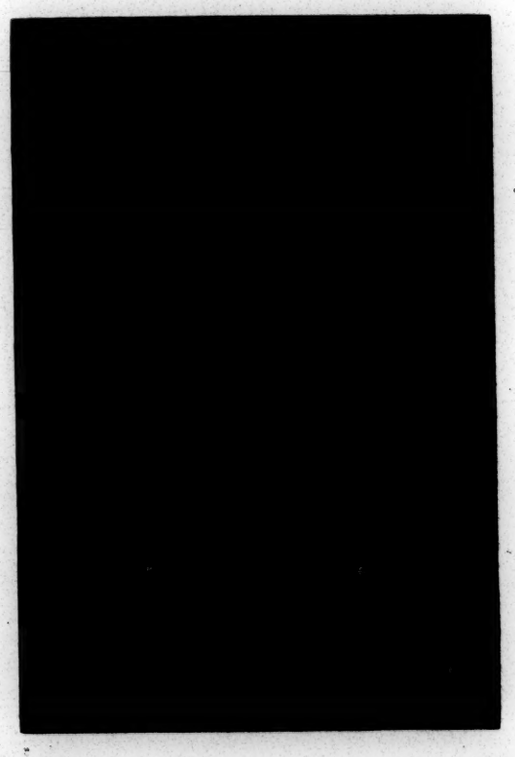
If these thoughts could be impressed upon the hearts and minds of the members of this society, the question, "How may we make our monthly missionary meetings interesting and profitable?" need never be raised again.

MRS. SARAH E. LINDSAY,
Garner, Iowa.

Nov. 4th, 1887.

"When you came into the world you were crying, while all around you were smiling. So live that when you go out of the world you may be smiling and the others may be crying."—*Arab saying*.

Friends are requested in preparing articles for the MAGAZINE to make them as compact as possible.



Yours sincerely
L. L. Martin